The Church Monthly

FEBRUARY, 1934

Progress: The Illusion and the Reality

Florida's Carillon Tower

PUBLISHED BY THE RIVERSIDE CHURCH, NEW YORK

The Church Monthly

VOLUME 8 *February, 1934* NUMBER 4

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Published monthly by the Committee on Publications of The Riverside Church.
(Issued the third week of the current month.)
Annual subscription $2.00. Two-year subscription $3.00.
Address all communications to THE CHURCH MONTHLY, 490 Riverside Drive, New York City.
Make checks payable to Harry P. Fish, Treasurer.
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CARILLON TOWER AT LAKE WALES, FLORIDA

Progress: The Illusion and the Reality

By Harry Emerson Fosdick

These days through which we are passing now are sobering to all thoughtful people. They are especially sobering to us of the older generation who were brought up on the idea that the world is forging steadily ahead, climbing an ever ascending avenue, achieving inevitable progress. Two generations ago practically every voice was saying that. The scientists said it through the lips of men like Herbert Spencer. "Progress," said he, "is not an accident, but a necessity." Poets said it, as in Tennyson's lyric confidence that "the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns." As for more vulgar voices, from bigger and better business to a bigger and better world, progress, they said, was our manifest destiny.

Today we are soberer about that. We had better be. The idea of progress was unknown in the ancient world and is not to be taken for granted by us. Plato taught that mankind moved around vast cycles and came back to the starting point to begin again. Marcus Aurelius thought that in human history there was no flow, as in a river, only fluctuation, as in the sea, up and down. "He who is forty years old," said Marcus Aurelius, "if he has any understanding at all, has, by virtue of the uniformity that prevails, seen all things which have been and all that will be." That is typical of ancient thought.

If some one asks, Where, then, did the idea of progress come from? we may answer that we can at least discern the time when men began believing in it, and can name the major causes out of which it rose.

For one thing, Columbus discovered America, adding a whole new hemisphere to man's opportunity for adventure and achievement. The geographical effects of that were immense but the psychological effects were overwhelming. On Thanksgiving Day, when we remember the pioneers of this new continent, we are celebrating one of the chief reasons why mankind began to believe in progress.

For another thing, Copernicus and Galileo unveiled a new universe. The astronomical effects of that were great, but, if anything, the psychological effects were greater. In a world where almost overnight a new heaven and a new earth are uncovered, man cannot go on thinking that human experience is, like the sea's fluctuation, up and down. It appears to be a river, flowing into new courses.

Then came the American and French Revolutions, swinging wide the doors of democracy. That seemed to end the static tyranny of kings, and to put into the hands of the people power to mold plastic societies into new forms. Who could tell what might happen, as mankind walked through the doors of democracy to fresh achievements?

Then came scientific inventiveness. After that once started, man could not believe in a static world. Francis Bacon, in the sixteenth century, fascinated by the discovery of printing, gunpowder, and ocean-sailing, was among the first

to abandon the old idea that the ancients were more advanced than the moderns. With every generation progress has seemed more obviously here. Harnessed steam and electricity, steamships, railroads, telegraph, telephones, automobiles, radios, and airplanes—a man who lives forty years has not seen everything that is or will be on this earth. So began the familiar mood in which men stand, as it were, on tiptoe wondering what great new thing will come tomorrow and desiring not so much to go to heaven as to see America a hundred years from now.

To cap the climax came the doctrine of evolution. That put a philosophy under the whole idea of progress. So, we said, the universe itself is progressive; progress is a cosmic law; and in our youth we went out into the most optimistic generation in human history, feeling at times as though we were upon an escalator, willy-nilly going up.

We are soberer about that now. Some of us have fallen like Lucifer from the heaven of optimism to the pit of depression. All of us must see that whatever else is true about progress, it is no escalator, no smoothly flowing river; it is a spiritual achievement, hard to win, easy to lose—anywhere, in a family, in a personality, in a civilization—and the swiftest way to lose it is to be fooled by the illusions of it.

Being fooled by the illusions of progress is a familiar experience. Families may be here who have faced it. They were progressing—their houses bigger, their incomes better, their prestige higher. Everybody said, See how that family is getting on! But in the end their seeming progress turned out to be illusion. The real life of the home was not getting on.

Individuals may be here who have faced a like experience in personal life. They were getting on—larger salaries, more responsible positions, wider influence. In America such progress has been a familiar fact. George Arliss in his reminiscences tells of a fellow-actor, John Mason, whose work Arliss greatly admired but upon whom he makes this comment: "John Mason would, in my opinion, have been the greatest actor in America if his private character had been as well balanced as his public performances." O my soul! the illusions of progress!

If there is any place in the world where this needs to be said, it is in America. We were getting on. We did not stop to believe in progress; we plunged head foremost into it. A visitor in Detroit found himself surrounded on every side by the slogan "Greater Detroit." He asked three citizens what it meant and none was quite sure. One said it meant a bigger population. The second said it meant greater than Cleveland. The third had a sublimer faith—that it meant greater than Chicago. That is typical. We were not sure whither we were progressing but in our eyes going meant going ahead and change meant advance. How cheap it all seems now! We were progressing straight toward war, unemployment, economic catastrophe.

We Americans are soberer now. Let us be frank. Many are frightened. Sometimes above the noise of this city's streets I think I hear another sound inaudible to all but spirit ears: whistling,—multitudes of men and women inwardly whistling to keep their courage up.

Nothing that any man can say can go to the bottom of this but what we are trying to say this morning is certainly important. We have been fooled

by the illusions of progress—bigness, external equipment of things, outward standards of success, scientific inventions manifold. We have been tricked into supposing that such things mean progress and it is a mad illusion. What shall it profit a man or nation to gain the whole world of such things and lose the soul? How that word of Jesus does tower up in days like these!

For one thing, what shall it profit if we get bigness and lose human values? Jesus would say that. You cannot imagine him being impressed by anything simply because it was big. The most precious things in human experience are not big; they are small, always small, like personalities. No more joy can exist on this earth than one personality can possess. Show us one personality capacious for happiness and in point of intensity that is all the joy the world can know. No more suffering can exist on this earth than one personality can endure. Show us one personality sensitively suffering and there, in point of intensity, is all the suffering the world can bear. Here lie the destinies of human life, inside people one by one, and whatever happens outside, so far as progress is concerned, must be tested by what it does to people inside.

When George Washington came to New York to take the presidency, there were about 29,000 people in the town. Have we progressed since then? Certainly size is not the test. From twenty-nine thousand to about seven million, from small warehouses to seventy-story skyscrapers—that is not the test. Unless we can see what is going on inside people we cannot tell whether we have gone forward or backward. Of those twenty-nine thousand, two thousand were slaves. It is better to have done with that. Education has opened wide the doors of opportunity to boys and girls who would not have had it then. That is better. Scientific medicine is widely available for all the people. That is much better. Slums have come, down the cark cañons of the city's streets, damning thousands of boys and girls before they had a chance. That is worse. Many other people, not in slums, are caught here in a vast, impersonal machine which grinds their souls like grist, and the power of municipal government has never yet been dedicated primarily to the enlargement and enrichment of human life. That is failure. Anyway, size is not the test. Bigness is one of the commonest illusions of progress.

Ah, Master, it was when you heard your disciples talking about big things, which of them should be the greatest, that you took a little child and put him in the midst of them. Do it again for us here. We need it. For we have worshiped bigness. We are notorious for that.

One explanation is that in the pioneer days, when the frontiers were being bravely pushed westward, there was little to be proud of in point of cultural amenity, and so the typical American, as a psychological compensation, began boasting about size. Under the rough pioneer conditions, things might not be refined but they certainly were big. In that regard even this new, raw land had it over the old countries. So we Americans developed pride in bigness—big country, big cities, big buildings, big business, and an assumption has underlain our pride — "bigger and better."

My friends, the least we can do with our national disaster is to come out of it, in a sense never true of us before,

personality-minded. Let us put that child in the center of the picture, where Jesus put him, and keep him there. Nothing else matters; what economic life does to people, what the cities do to people; what changing family conditions do to people—nothing else matters. Here in this nation we have learned, as no other nation ever learned, to conjugate the verb *to have.* In all its moods and tenses we have learned how to conjugate that. But that is not progress. Progress consists in learning how to conjugate another verb altogether, *to be.*

Again, what shall it profit if we gain all these new scientific inventions and lose goodwill? Naturally, we have supposed that the amazing output of scientific inventiveness meant progress. When I try to imagine any one saying to me in boyhood that some day in New York City I would speak into a microphone and later would receive a letter from a friend in Central Africa who heard me, it would have seemed incredible. Such things are a commonplace today. Amazing progress! Progress? What shall it profit? For scientific invention involves new means of communication, and every new means of communication involves new points of contact, and every new point of contact is a new possibility of friction. Science solving our problems? Science is piling up our problems, loading on mankind the necessity both of intelligence and goodwill—universal, planetary goodwill such as mankind never faced before.

War used to be bad enough, but Beverley Nichols is right—we need a new word for it now. That old thing they used to call war is gone. What we have on our hands now is so different that it deserves another name. And one point of difference is that in the old days, when nations fought, they had to contend upon their borders, where physically they touched, but now we fight all around the globe,—on the earth, in the air, in the deeps of the sea,—and when some fool shoots an archduke in Serajevo one of the immediate results is that two tribes in Africa, at peace with each other, are seized, one by the Central Powers, and the other by the Allies, and hurled at each other's throats in murderous fury. Moreover, the major fact which makes it possible so to plunge the whole world into bloodshed and launch the long train of disasters which follow after is our possession of new scientific powers. What shall it profit?

H. G. Wells likens us to quarrelsome children in a nursery into whose hands Science has put poisoned razor blades, bombs, corrosive fluids, and the like, while we have no nurse to intervene but humanity's poor wisdom. Whether that poor wisdom can rise to the pitch of effectual intervention and prevent our nursery being blown to smithereens Wells calls the most fundamental problem in mundane affairs at the present time. Aye! What shall it profit?

Nothing that science alone can do is by itself progress. It may mean even the suicide of civilization. But scientific inventiveness in the hands of goodwill —that would be progress.

I am pleading for ordinary, everyday, essential, ethical Christianity. Some people say it is done for. Very well; then civilization is done for. For there is no possibility in this world, with our modern scientific power, to have progress without those basic factors in character which Jesus put at the center of his message. Never was the need of

them more deep or the cry for them more desperate.

Once in a while in history one does see an area of human life carried over from the domain of violence to the domain of goodwill. Then mankind steps forward. Schools that trusted in the flogging of children have discovered that goodwill works better. That is progress. The American states were once at Civil War. Never again! Such a cataclysm is forever past. That is progress. The American colonies and Canada used to invade each other and we might have now a fortified and irritated frontier. Never! No matter what happens. That is progress. Indeed, despite the desperate difficulties of the present situation the agencies of organized peace in Geneva may yet succeed in keeping their heads above the swirling flood. That would be progress.

Come closer in. In your household, let us suppose, you have everything which scientific inventiveness can give you. How is your *home* getting on? That question goes beyond science, doesn't it? That involves factors deep, intimate, personal, spiritual—the heart of the home which must use things if things are to do the home any good at all. What profit for the family, the nation, civilization in anything that science can do without the soul?

Once more, what profit if we gain the whole world of things and have low standards of success? Jesus would say that. He walked about Palestine in his day, meeting people who thought they were succeeding: Zacchæus grown rich on graft; the rich man tearing down his barns and building greater; Herod the politician, "that fox," said Jesus; Annas and Caiaphas, the ruling priests—business, politics, and religion, then as now, interpreting success in terms that leave high moral standards out. What did it profit?

We cannot in America claim unfamiliarity with *that*. Others say that material success has been our very god. When the average American hears that, he generally blames individuals. He picks out some person he does not admire, who has succeeded, and says, See, he has bowed down before the false god of material success! My friends, this blaming of scapegoats is too easy. In any land, at any time, the standards of success are a social creation. We, the people, determine what shall be called success. There have been times and places, as in the ancient city of Florence, where to be a great person was to be a great artist and all the people acclaimed his glory. You may be sure, then, that if in this country material success has been our god, we, the people, have put him on his throne and have kept him there. We have kotowed and salaamed to that kind of success. We have desperately wanted it for ourselves even when we missed it. The trouble in this country has been not alone the people who have succeeded but the way in which the rest of us have thought about success and tried to get it.

Well, we are soberer now. What has it profited?

When we speak like this, our thought turns first to the business world. Certainly, the truth applies there. Only this last week I heard one of the leading bankers in this city say that in view of the revelations recently coming out of the financial district, a high-minded business man must hang his head in shame. I should think so. Some of those men, who were handed vast responsibility involving the welfare of millions, doublecrossed everybody from

the government to their own friends, whom they were supposed to be serving.

Nevertheless, let a man of religion say frankly that false standards concern the church as much as they do business. The tragedy of organized Christianity has been that so often outward show, big buildings, autocratic power, massed wealth, have been taken as the symbols of success and progress. When has Christianity succeeded? Only when some soul has rediscovered Christ. Some St. Francis of Assisi comes, the flame burning in him which was a fire in Jesus,—a simple and sincere love of God and man,—and lo, the insights of the seers and the faiths of the martyrs are confirmed again. By the way, who was the Pope when St. Francis was here? I do not know. I have forgotten. At any rate, he does not represent the profoundest element in Christianity's success. There is no Christian success except in souls that have rediscovered Christ.

Well, whether in business or religion, we ought to take this seriously. I am not pessimistic about the present situation but I am sobered by it. The highest wisdom which our fathers garnered from the fields of history is being demonstrated among us: nothing that any nation can do externally matters much without character. I know we need more than character. Intelligence—we need it desperately. As another has said, if I were drowning I would rather see a burglar who could swim than a bishop who couldn't. That is true. We deeply need ability and intelligence. But, my friends, we would not be drowning if in the first place we had had enough high-minded, public-spirited character.

Since that first Thanksgiving Day in Massachusetts, we, the American people, have staged on this continent one of the most amazing performances in human history. Indeed, we have. But remember what George Arliss said about John Mason: "If his private character had been as well balanced as his public performances."

This, then, is the conclusion of the matter. We of this new generation have talked freely about our opinion of our ancestors. I am much more curious as to what they would think of us. Some of them I would pass up, not caring what they did think. But some of them were real personalities, and on days like these one sees them at times, like a cloud of witnesses, watching us in this modern arena and trying to talk to us. They might say,

> It is amazing what you have done. We never dreamed anything like this. You have harnessed the forces of the universe until, if man's life did consist in the abundance of things he could produce and possess, you would be on your way to an earthly paradise. But you must see that something is the trouble—inside. There is a limit to what you can get out of things. You never can get more than a pint out of a pint cup. It is foolish to try. And you can get no more out of things than things can give, and they are not God.
>
> You have blown upon your hands and gone out to achieve success, master scientific power, build a big world. You are like the witch in that drama Macbeth, which a playwright named Shakespeare wrote just before our day—the witch who chanted that she would do and do and do. Well, we also *did*. You will not deny us that—we faced a task which we did. But we were not so tempted as

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Prayer

By Harry Emerson Fosdick

Eternal Spirit, let Thy voice divine call us one by one to worship. Thou who hast so curiously made us that we cannot live by bread alone, awaken in us hunger and thirst after righteousness that we may turn to Thee for living bread and living water.

Thou seest how through another week we have been very busy. Indolence and laziness are not our vices—*that* we may plead even in Thy presence, O God. We have erected an altar to energy and have worshiped it. We have made activity our Lord. O Spirit of the highest, in this sanctuary show us now the things which cannot be so achieved. Make real to us the wealth which comes through a wise passiveness, the richness of soul gained, not by activity but by receptivity, appreciation, hospitality of heart. Open us, we beseech Thee, to Thy presence, that our spiritual resources may be deepened, our horizons widened, our faith strengthened, our character elevated, that we may become adequate for life.

Come to us with fresh remembrance of our benedictions. In this confused time, when many voices bring tidings of ill, complaints too often fill our days and our hearts sink within us. May we recall how many friends we have, what love has surrounded us, what benedictions have refreshed our days like rains on a dry land. For great books, great music, great art, for the noble traditions and inheritances of the past and the hopes and opportunities of the future, bless the Lord, O my soul!

Come to us also in warning. Thou seest how we tread primrose paths content with the immediate and forgetful of the end. Often have we prayed against our sins. We pray now against our folly. We neglect the wisdom long accumulated from the harvest fields of man's experience; we tread old paths that have been tried a thousand times with no end but death. Set our feet, we beseech Thee, in the highways this day.

Come to us, we beseech Thee, with fresh hope about the future. Lift us up above our dismay and disheartenment. O God, in whose sight a thousand years are but as yesterday when it is past and as a watch in the night, set around us the broad horizons of history. Make Thine everlasting purposes more plain to us. Before the mountains were brought forth or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting Thou art God.

As thus we pray for ourselves within, we think also of the world without. Prepare us here to be better members of the family. For all the dear and sacred interests of our homes, precious beyond words to tell, we pray Thee. Forgive us that we so often spoil our beautiful opportunities. Forgive us for the trivialities of temper and the deep and serious sins of infidelity which have made family life ugly when it might have been lovely. Send us out from this place of worship to be nobler members of our homes.

Send us out to be better citizens. We lift before Thee, with an affection and an anxiety which no words can express,

(*Continued on page 79*)

Florida's Carillon

The Second in a Series of Articles on "Singing Towers"

WE are grateful indeed to Major H. M. Nornabell, Director of the Mountain Lake Sanctuary and Singing Tower, for the brochures which have come to our hand and from which we have taken the following excerpts descriptive of the Singing Tower at Lake Wales, Florida.

This unique Carillon Tower and the Sanctuary which is its matrix was a gift of Mr. Edward W. Bok. It had its genesis in a family tradition in the fulfillment of which Mr. Bok not only honored himself but the memory of his sturdy grandparents who were entrusted long ago by the Dutch government with the care of a dangerous sandbar off the Dutch Coast. It was a bleak and barren rendezvous of pirates. The sturdy ancestors of Mr. Bok transformed it into a beauty spot. Trees and shrubs were so planted that it became a resting place for migratory birds, a sanctuary along the travel lanes of the air.

The Singing Tower of which we are writing here stands in the heart of Florida where the tourist lanes, followed by motor caravans of American travelers, cross and recross.

Our readers will be particularly interested in the fact that the carillonneur who plays regularly at Mountain Lake is Mr. Anton Brees, whose first engagement in this country was with the Park Avenue Baptist Church when the bells were installed in our former church home back in 1922. Mr. Brees can be heard on the Florida carillon each year between December 15 and April 15 on a schedule of recitals announced from time to time.

"Harmony with the surrounding Sanctuary and the spirit of the Carillon as well as its practical requirements have been the inspiration of this Singing Tower. Like a great folk Spiritual, a symphony in stone, it rises out of the soul and soil of its people. And it is this purely racial genius flowing through a noble simplicity of outline, a use of native materials and an expression in its art of the life around it, that makes the Sanctuary Tower an idiom of true American architecture, and yet keeps it at one with the long tradition of all Singing Towers and their particular meaning in our civilization.

"One of the earliest acts of domestic man was the building of watch-towers where first a drum, later a horn, and then a bell was sounded to warn his tribe of danger. But in medieval times, particularly in Belgium and the Netherlands, as more bells were added, a scale of crude chimes developed, giving folk-airs or calls to war or worship. Gradually their quality and use improved until in the late fifteenth century the Carillon was evolved. Ringing not only the hours of the day, but special calls to labor, feast and prayer, it became the voice of its people.

"But in those early centuries, the tower itself was also evolving out of a primitive landmark even to the glorious dignity of a Gothic structure where the carillon was first played at a greater height so the music spreading out-

wards seemed to sing from the entire structure. Hence the name Singing Tower. The Sanctuary Tower continues these ancient traditions, yet revitalizes them through the new ideals of a new race. From the profile of bells cut into its square base, through a gradually changing outline until its octagonal summit is crowned by panels of roses and palms, and its pinnacles pointed by symbolic herons, the Sanctuary birds and planting are carved in details of frieze and ornament instead of usual gargoyles. The heroic eagles which terminate the upper balconies symbolize security, and are flanked by panels of doves carrying laurel and oak, tokens of strength in peace. The grey Creole and the pink Etowah marble are from Georgia, and the Florida Coquina rock is similar to that first used by the Spaniards at St. Augustine. The brilliance of tropical sunshine and planting are further harmonized in the lancet windows whose richly colored faience depicts the rise of life from its undersea forms through the flowers and birds, to the figures of Adam and Eve showing man's dominion over all creation. But it is when the Carillon plays and the Tower sings, that legend and history, art and music, and all their long tradition in the ever aspiring struggle of mankind, become one in that single harmony which is the spirit of the Singing Tower.

"The Carillon, one of the largest yet cast, is tuned on the Taylor 'True Harmonic System,' and is noted for its peculiar sweetness and perfection of tone. It consists of seventy-one bells and covers a range of four and one-half octaves, whose scale is entirely chromatic from the largest bell's note, which is E flat. The lowest semi-tone bell is omitted, and the highest eighteen notes are duplicated to avoid the airy sound of small bells. The Bourdon bell, also known as the Tenor bell, weighs approximately twenty-three thousand pounds, while the smallest bell weighs but eleven pounds. The aggregate weight of all the bells is one hundred and twenty-three thousand, seven hundred and eighty-nine pounds. The metal of which they are cast is an alloy of Best Selected Copper and English Block Tin, but the distinction and fineness of the Carillon lies chiefly in its tuning.

"The best effects of the Carillon are not obtained near the Tower, but at a position of some two hundred yards from it. As the sound waves from the bells come through the openings of the faience grilles high in the Tower, the Carillon's music is not carried clearly to the base, but spreads outwards as the distance increases. The Southern and Western slopes of the Sanctuary are particularly recommended for average effects. While the proper listening place for each visitor depends on the direction of the wind and on his own hearing, as well as his familiarity with bell music, yet when rightly heard, the Carillon seems to sing out as if the whole Tower itself had burst into song.

"Many details of the Tower are masterpieces of individual beauty and a finely conceived symbolism. The spirit of the Sanctuary is legended in the marble grilles of the west window with its traceries of a man creating a garden, and of the east window which shows a youth feeding cranes and flamingoes from a seed basket.

"The frieze encircling the Tower is a relief of pelicans, herons, and the fabled characters of the goose and fox, the hare and tortoise. The Great North Door depicts in yellow brass répoussè,

as in a golden blaze, the six days of creation recorded in Genesis. Like the moat gates, the richly detailed stairway and hanging lamps, all the wrought iron and hammered brass of the Tower show the same distinguished craftsmanship and the rich imagery which has been inspired by the trees and flowers of the Sanctuary and its local birds or those of Florida.

LATITUDE 27° 56' 10" LONGITUDE 88° 35'
DECLINATION FOUR DEGREES TWENTY MINUTES
THIS SINGING TOWER
WITH ITS PLAYGROUND SANCTUARY
WAS DEDICATED
AND PRESENTED TO THE PEOPLE
OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE
BY CALVIN COOLIDGE
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
FEBRUARY THE FIRST
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY NINE

PICTURESQUE SUNDIAL AT MOUNTAIN LAKE SANCTUARY

"The sundial carved on the South wall of the Tower indicates the latitude and longitude of Iron Mountain. It is known as an Erect Declining Dial as it stands vertically at an exact right angle with the surface of the earth at latitude 27 degrees, 56 minutes, 10 seconds and does not face directly South but is tilted towards the East with a declination of 4 degrees, 20 minutes. The table at its base gives the difference between sun and clock time for each day in this latitude. The curved lines crossing the dial give the dates of the months. A projection on the gnomon casts a shadow which follows these lines on the dates given. The hours are shown with full lines, and the half hours with short lines. Surrounding the dial is a relief of the figures of the Zodiac and their ancient mythological characters.

"Situated in the center of Florida, the Sanctuary is a natural halt for native as well as migratory birds passing North and South or crossing the Highlands from the Atlantic to the Gulf of Mexico. As Florida is also a terminal in the great Alleghanian flight tract, many Northern birds will winter in the Sanctuary once they are sure of protection, thus saving the lives of thousands in their arduous bi-annual migration. Insectivorous birds are particularly encouraged for their invaluable help to the agriculture and plant life of each State.

"The Sanctuary has considerably increased the number of its bird visitors and residents each year. Sixty-seven species, native or migratory, have been identified in the Sanctuary, and these do not include the aquatic birds of adjoining lakes as such birds rarely visit at the height of Iron Mountain. Over forty per cent of Florida birds are aquatic. It is estimated that about one hundred and thirty species of birds should visit the Sanctuary over a period of ten years, allowing for any unusual vicissitude of weather in their vicinity. Besides the widely varied foliage which offers shelter to birds of differing needs, thousands of bushes have been planted to supply them with berry food, such as Ilex Glabra, Ilex

(*Continued on page 78*)

The Latchstring

Church bells, chimes and carillons. A series of articles on "singing towers," now running in THE CHURCH MONTHLY, has raised again the question which we frequently heard when our carillon was first installed in the Park Avenue Church building in 1922, namely, what is the difference between chimes and carillons?

A chime, sometimes termed a ring, or, particularly in England, the peal, is a set of bells numbering eight, ten, or twelve. They are tuned to what is technically called the diatonic scale. The order of their tones proceeds at intervals of tones and half-tones. This short range necessarily limits the repertoire of hymns and tunes that can be played on a chime or peal.

A carillon, on the other hand, consists of a range of twenty-three or more bells. In the case of the Laura Spelmann Rockefeller Memorial Carillon in our church the number of bells is seventy-two. The Carillon in the Singing Tower at the Mountain Lake Sanctuary in Florida, of which we are writing in the present issue of THE CHURCH MONTHLY, has seventy-one bells, with fifty-three tones, or four and a half octaves. The carillon, as distinguished from the chimes, has its bells tuned to the chromatic scale with a compass of two octaves or more, proceeding entirely by intervals of half-tones. The carillon is played from a clavier, a keyboard similar in design and arrangement to that with which we are familiar in the organ and the piano.

Visitors to the tower of The Riverside Church are much interested to discover that the five largest bells in our Carillon are so arranged that they can be swung freely, after the manner of the familiar church bell ringing its call to service, even as they can also be struck by the outside hammer when they are used as a part of the Carillon itself. When ringing out the call to worship on Sunday morning, or when at any other time it is desired that we get the resounding effect of a great bell ringing freely in the tower, they are handled by electric motors, rung freely and with tremendous effect at the touch of a button.

Still another mechanical device which holds its own fascination is the great drum upon which a number of tunes can be set, much after the fashion of the music box of other days. The drum is as large as a good-sized barrel and can be so arranged as to make the playing of an entire recital possible without the presence of the carillonneur. We have not actually used this device in connection with our Carillon except to operate the clock when the hour and quarter hours are struck at three periods during the day. We would not anticipate using the drum unless it were impossible to avail ourselves of the services of Mr. Lefévere or a substitute at the clavier.

▽

An Odd Dilemma. The building staff is faced with a difficult situation. Gargoyles, statues, and statuettes which adorn the Riverside building afford many convenient resting places for the pigeons which infest many buildings in New York City. We have done our best to keep them out with wired

screening and by assiduously destroying their nests from year to year. No method, however, has been entirely successful and we have our fair share of these friendly birds finding shelter in the many recesses and roof spaces of the tower.

Recently another type of bird, who is not so friendly in his disposition, has made his appearance to the deathly detriment of many of the pigeons and the horror of our workmen. The new visitor is a pigeon-hawk. No one has seen him yet but morning after morning he has left the remains of dead pigeons as the mark of his ferocious visitation. Judicious inquiries among the Boards and Departments of the city government disclose that the Board of Health looks upon the dead pigeons as a distinct menace and would countenance any reasonable attempt we might make to rid ourselves of the hawk. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, however, sets its face against the destruction of the hawk and we are left in a rather nice situation of having to violate the disposition of the Board of Health on the one hand or of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals on the other. The problem is not solved as yet but this one thing we have done, that is, marked down one more peculiar situation in connection with church work in a great city.

▽

A "Thank You" from the Sea. The following letter addressed to Dr. Fosdick will be of interest to many members of our congregation who have responded from time to time to the requests printed in the church calendar for books and magazines to be sent to the church in care of Mrs. Alexander Candlish, chairman of our committee, to be distributed by the American Merchant Marine Library Association to the men who sail the seas. This message from the Radio Operator of the S. S. "Otho" is a Thank You which will be appreciated far more than any formal word which our committee might send to you.

S.S. "OTHO"
Lagos,
Nigeria,
Africa.
Dec. 7, 1933

Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick,
Riverside Church,
Riverside Drive and 122nd St.,
New York City.
Dear Doctor:—

I would very much appreciate it if you would convey to the Woman's Society and other members of your church who are so kind as to supply us with books and magazines through the American Merchant Marine Library Association, my thanks and good wishes. During the long hot trip down the West Coast of Africa the books and magazines are read and re-read by the officers and men aboard ship and help while away the hot, tedious hours. After we are through with the magazines we leave them with the American and English traders at the various posts where they are eagerly awaited and are there read and passed on from hand to hand and from place to place, some of them reaching far into the interior of the African continent.

Many a lonely trader has requested me to convey his thanks to the donors of the magazines. On behalf of them and the personnel aboard ship I am more than glad to do so.

Very truly yours,
Alex. L. Kowalsky, Radio Operator,
S.S. "Otho."

▽

From "Young Fu of the Upper Yangtze."
By Elizabeth Foreman Lewis

"He who rides a tiger cannot dismount at will."

"When in trouble silence is the best refuge."

"Character is made by rising above one's misfortunes."

"The shallow teapot does the most

spouting, and boils dry most quickly."
"No man can rule the unruly until he first rules himself."

▽

The Hawaiian Islands Listen in to Our Watch Night Service. We have before us a card from Mr. and Mrs. David Crawford of the University of Hawaii in Honolulu saying that they listened in to the Watch Night Service of The Riverside Church with keen interest and appreciation. It was 6:30 in Honolulu when our broadcast of the Watch Night Service and Dr. Fosdick's sermon went over the air at 11:30 Eastern Standard Time. Another note from Lahaina, Hawaii, from Mr. and Mrs. Wm. J. Geiger tells of the clarity with which the sermon and music came over the air, and includes expressions of cordial good wishes for the new year.

These two, among many responses from the radio audiences, serve to give us some appreciation of the vast company of which we who gather in The Riverside Church are a part when on occasion the services are broadcast over a general hook-up.

Still another participation in the program of the National Broadcasting Company and its associated stations during the holiday season was a broadcast on the day before Christmas. Through the cooperation of the N.B.C. studios in this country and the B.B.C. studios in England, a reciprocity program was arranged for Christmas Eve participated in on the other side of the Ocean by Winchester Cathedral, and the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem. Simultaneously with the program eleven and a half minutes long, which was broadcast to America from London and Bethlehem, a program of music furnished by the choir of The Riverside Church, using the same selections, was broadcast from this side of the water. The timing of these two programs was worked out to the minutest detail, the choir singing "Adeste Fideles" from Winchester Cathedral, timed at 72 beats per minute, and our choir rendering the same selection in the same time and at the same time! The eleven minutes and thirty seconds which the entire broadcast took was broken up into nine different items, the choirs, speakers, and the bells of the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem, and The Riverside Church in New York, cooperating in an ordered program which took into account quarter-minute and half-minute periods. For instance, at 4¼ minutes past 3:00, Eastern Standard Time, the bells of the Church of the Nativity played for 30 seconds, when immediately the program was taken over in the London studio of the B.B.C. and a speaker was on the air for exactly two minutes, followed again at 3:06¾ o'clock by another 30 seconds' rendition by the Bethlehem bells.

At one point in the service, two selections on the bells in Bethlehem were separated by a speech of 45 seconds' duration by Florence Malone from the National Broadcasting Company's studio in New York.

One could scarcely imagine a more difficult time schedule to work out than was involved in this program from three centers as widely separated as New York, London, and Bethlehem. The cooperation involved, however, was so carefully prearranged that the entire program went over the air and was received in all parts of the world with a clarity and unity that could not have been more pronounced if all of the artists and instruments involved had been assembled in one studio.

WOMEN'S BIBLE CLASS ROOM—NINTH FLOOR

"All the Comforts of Home" Riverside Church makes a real effort to promote comfort for those who attend its services Sunday after Sunday. Of course it cannot actually offer "bed and board," but it takes a great deal of care to see that those attending its services shall, to the extent needed, be physically cared for. It expends its congregation through the fourth calendar on Sunday morning of pleasant places in the neighborhood where men and women may go and find a good dinner amid congenial surroundings.

But this is not all. It has in mind the needs of people who, after attending the morning service wish to stay on for the vesper service in the afternoon. They may be a long way from home and without friends in the neighborhood to whom they may go. So the church offers comfortable quarters for those who need to fill in the interim. The Men's Club Room is open on the twentieth floor of the tower. There masculine leisure may find books, magazines, an easy chair, a wonderful view from the windows or—perhaps—a nap.

The Women's Bible Class, having in mind the needs of women members of the congregation, turns over its lovely rooms on the ninth floor to those who care to use them during the time between services. A friendly, but unobtrusive hostess—a member of the Class—presides, and sees to the well-being of all who congregate there. A woman may rest, read, study the beauty of the rooms, gaze out on the broad expanses of the Hudson, or chat quietly with a friend. If she is tired, or has a headache, she will find, tucked away in a remote and undisturbed corner, the daintiest of little boudoirs where she may lie down and rest. In the cold weather a blazing fire roars on the fireplace of the huge home-like rumpus room, and through the wind may howl madly around the high, unpretentious tower without there is only coziness and good cheer.

It is not meant, but what has just been said, that these facilities are available only to the women who are passing in the time between services. There may be those of Riverside's congregation—especially business women and students—who live in the neighborhood, but whose substance for a home is a "room" in someone's house or a small "set in the wall" in a college dormitory. To all such The Riverside Church, through the Women's Bible Class, offers its homes and commodious women's floor, hoping that many may find rest and comfort there, an hour between other activities of the day, or—if it is possible that the desire for such a thing still remains—the homelike quiet and "home-pervaded" atmosphere which in the good old days used to be associated with Sunday afternoon.—C. H. P.

V

Visions of the Air. There was no service in The Riverside Church on Christmas Day. Nevertheless on Christmas Day the people of Australia and New Zealand heard a Christmas program of music rendered by The Riverside Church choir over a broadcast chain originated in London. In the old days, the combined intelligence of Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson would not have accomplished a solution of this mystery other than to imply that somebody was telling a good one. But not so any more. A program can be put on the air in New York on Sunday afternoon, the day before Christmas, picked up in London

and, as it were, "held in solution" until the following day, and then re-broadcast to Australia and New Zealand at a convenient hour in the course of a holiday celebration on the other side of the world.

This is what actually happened. A transcription, or "phonograph record," of the program as it came from America, the afternoon of the day before Christmas, was made in London and the next day sent out as a broadcast to the Australian and New Zealand stations. This is an instance of the application on a world-wide schedule of the device you hear referred to now and then by the announcer of some domestic broadcasting station who is filling in the program at an unimportant hour. He apparently is compelled by law to tell you that your program is being mechanically rendered. However he may phrase it, it means that the artists have long since gone home and you are listening to a transcription. So it was in New Zealand and Australia on Christmas Day. Our choir gave their program here on the afternoon before Christmas but it was listened to in the Antipodes on Christmas Day.

FLORIDA'S CARILLON

(*Continued from page 72*)

Vomitoria, Duranta, and Elaeagnus Umbalata. Many bird baths give the necessary shallow drinking places. Florida is one of the most complete bird states. There is no month when birds are not resting in some part of the peninsula.

"The nightingales in the aviaries have been brought from England so their song could be heard in the Sanctuary. Only the cocks sing, and these are in full song between February and May except during the middle of the day. The scarlet flamingoes in the Sanctuary are from Cuba, and are the most vividly colored of the species. It is hoped to induce the flamingo to settle again in Florida, his native habitat, from which he was driven by the hunter and the plumage seeker.

"The Sanctuary has an area of fifty-three acres and entirely comprises Iron Mountain, which is three hundred and twenty-four feet above sea level, and is the highest point of land in Florida according to the United States Geographical Survey. It is also the highest land within sixty miles of the Atlantic Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico between Washington and the Rio Grande. Fourteen lakes are visible from the Sunset Plateau and thirty-six can be seen from the top of the Tower. Two Sabal palms in the Glade by the northeast corner of the pool were planted by Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Coolidge when, as President of the United States, Mr. Coolidge dedicated the Sanctuary. The Etowah marble drinking fountains were presented to the Sanctuary by the school children of Polk County. Near the Exedra, or marble seat, a token of appreciation by Mr. Bok's neighbors of Mountain Lake, a slab bears this verse which for many expresses the joy of a garden:

> The kiss of the sun for pardon,
> The song of the birds for mirth—
> One is nearer God's heart in a garden
> Than anywhere else on earth."

E. C. C.

▽ ▽ ▽

SERMON

(Continued from page 68)

you are to forget that the destinies of the race are within the soul. It is easier to build a skyscraper than to build great character. It is easier to erect your modern apartment houses than to achieve the peace that passeth all understanding, when you are in them. It is easier to amass physical power than it is to achieve spiritual life which knows how to use it. It is easier to harness the forces of the external universe than to release the inner powers of the divine world by which man lives indeed. And when you do this easier thing and omit the deeper matter, where does it bring you save to catastrophe? Lift up your eyes and see. One civilization after another has fallen, fooled by their illusions. What profit without the soul?

PRAYER

Eternal God, Who hast set us in a great time, keep us from being little people. Thou Who hast set us in a serious time, keep us from being trivial people. Make our life a contribution to the soul of the nation. Amen.

Dr. Fosdick preached the foregoing sermon on November 24, 1933.

▽

PRAYER

(Continued from page 69)

this nation with its continental opportunity, its ennobling history, its unparalleled possibility. Raise up among us leaders of wisdom and integrity. Surround them with the support of the whole body of the people that here in this time of difficulty we may win once more a triumph, to make our children after us thankful for what we were and did.

Our Father, we remember that many of us here will do no great things without until some things are settled within. Concerning griefs that need comforting, sins that need forgiving, anxieties that need quieting we pray. Cross Thou those inner thresholds which our closest friends never pass and in the intimate secrecies of our hearts, where we face our own solitariness, do Thou meet with us. There grant such companionship with the highest in this hour of prayer that, cleansed, enheartened, and empowered, we may victoriously face life again.

We ask it in the spirit of Christ. Amen.

▽

"CHRIST AND MARS"
A Roadside Anomaly in Nova Scotia

The Church Monthly

Published by the Committee on Publications
of The Riverside Church
122d Street and Riverside Drive, New York City

Vol. 8 *February, 1934* *No. 4*

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THE CHURCH MONTHLY IS PRINTED BY FRANKLIN PRINTING COMPANY · PHILADELPHIA

BACK US UP

We want to say a word on behalf of the various organizations within The Riverside Church. Do you personally ever attend meetings of these groups? Are you a member of any one of them? Do you feel in any sense responsible for any group or its program?

Many of you will necessarily answer "No" to the above questions. If we asked the question, "Do you attend the morning service?" practically all of you would answer "Yes." It appears, therefore, that many of you attend only the morning service. So far, so good. There is a place in our fellowship for the busy people who can give no more time to the church than that involved in attendance upon one service on Sunday. Nevertheless, we submit that no largely effective church program can be permanently carried on in which the members of the church are not largely and regularly represented.

We appeal to all of you to pick out at least one organization and agree to lend it your presence, your intelligent interest, and your cooperation. You may not need the Men's Class or the Women's Class, the Riverside Guild, or the Business and Professional Women's Club, possibly much less the Church School, but they need you and unless you become part and parcel of their life and interest, they will in due course become of themselves things apart, something separate from The Riverside Church.

Just because a group meets under our roof or in sight of our gargoyles does not imply a realistic and vital relation to The Riverside Church. The life that is boiling up around us here is stimulating and challenging to all who have any real contact with it. Our question now is, "Does it challenge you?"

BOOK AND PAMPHLET SERVICE

OF

The Church Monthly

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